The Honour of the Gentle-Craft

Expreſſed in three Stories; The firſt of Sir *Hugh* and fair *Winifred*; the ſecond of *Criſpin* and *Criſpianus*; the third of ſir *Simon Eyre*; who all three profeſſed the Gentle-Craft, and were ſhoomakers.

Newly Written.

With pleaſant new ſongs to be ſung on *Criſpianus* night.

...nted by H. B. for J. Clark, W. Thackeray, and T. passinger. 1685

Of St. *Winifreds* Well.

FAir Winifred *a Virgin was*
Who from the Britains *came,*
Being Daughter to Donwallo, *who*
In Flint-ſhire *then did Reign.*

All offers ſhe of Love refus'd,
And to her Prayers did turn,
And like a Taper of Virgin-wax
With Holy flames did burn.

And as ſhe lived, ſo did ſhe dye,
As Fame-Report doth tell,
By that ſame Spring which yet is called
Saint Winifreds *fair Well.*

Which of her holy Virgin Life
Doth ſtill theſe Tokens ſhow:
The Spring is clear, the Moſſe is ſweet
That round about doth grow.

Chap.

CHAP. I.

Of Sir *Hugh*'s love to *Winifred*,
Who suffer'd death like Lovers true;
The reason of the Gentle-craft
And Sir *Hugh*'s bones you here may view.

When Cupid with his golden bow
Had shot Sir Hugh unto the heart,
Then he a lovers grief did know,
For wounds of love do inward smart:
But that which did increase his pain
Was fair Winifreds disdain.

For oftentimes he sought her love,
And by fairest means allayed,
That her fancy he might move,
Who was resolv'd to live a maid,
To gain her love Sir Hugh did try,
But Winifred did still deny.

Who having but some years before
Receiv'd the Christian faith of late,
Her former sins she did deplore,
Forsaking all her Fathers state,
And to her beads and prayers fell,
Living by a Springing Well.

Which when once Sr Hugh did hear,
Unto the well he did repair,
And found his Winifred sitting there,
Like an Angel bright and fair:
Whom with these words he did salute,
And thus began to urge his suit.

All health to fairest Winifred,
Have pitty on me dearest love,
Restore my joys which now are fled,
And of my service now approve;
Let me not dye thus unregarded,
Love with love should be rewarded.

But Winifred with angry look
From chiding him could scarce refrain,
And having in her hand a book,
She mildly thus reply'd again:
Sir Hugh, leave off to seek my love,
Which I have plac'd on things above.

And take this answer once for all:
With this Sr Hugh to weep began,
And like a living Funeral,
He went from thence both pale and wan,
And being full of grief and woe,
Unto the Sea resolves to go.

And quickly he arriv'd in France,
Where travelling on to Italy,
Fair Ladies did begin to glance
Upon Sir Hugh with wanton eye,
But yet he thought their beauty rare
Could not with Winifred compare.

And when to Venice once he came,
The Curtezans much love did show
To raise in him an amorous flame,
But they in vain the fire did blow,
For sitting like a Male content,
On Winifred his thoughts he bent.

Nor could they win him with their art,
Which only brought into his mind
The love of her to whom his heart
Like to a Prisoner was confin'd;
For still those flames did freshly burn,
Which made him back again return.

And being now for England bound,
The ship did sail with gentle wind,
Till by and by they quickly found
That raging Neptune was inclin'd
To cast the ship and all away,
Which made Sir Hugh devoutly pray.

And at last his prayers were heard,
For now the day began to clear,
And Englands chalky shore appear'd,
So that the ship did anchor there,
And here Sir Hugh did come on shore,
At Harwich, very weak and poor.

For all his money being gone,
You may suppose his heart was sad,
And to himself he made great moan,
Until he met a merry lad,
Who was a Shoomaker by trade,
Who bid him not to be dismaid.

With him Sir Hugh had soon agreed
Into the Country for to go,
That he might supply his need,
For he was loath himself to show,
Or in his tattered Clothes appear
Unto his Winifred so dear.

Who now in Prison did remain,
For Diocletian in those days
Did like a cruel tyrant reign,
And sought by divers bloody waies
The Christian faith how to surpress,
Which fair Winifred did profess.

Which when once Sir Hugh did hear,
That with a shoomaker then wrought,
He took his wages for that year,
And therewithal new cloth he bought;
And so to Flint-shire back he went,
Where Winifred was resident.

Where being come, he heard by fame
How Winifred imprisoned was,
And cause he did extoll by name
Her Virgin faith, which did surpass,
Sir Hugh with this beautious maid
In a Prison strong was laid.

And condemned was to dye,
With Winifred to suffer death,
Who both did shew much constancy,
Yeaning to resign their breath
Like loving Martyrs, that their love
Might be crowned in Heaven above.

And while these faithful lovers lay
In the Prison both together,
The shoomakers came every day,
And in kindness did present,
Yielding them so great relief,
As did much allwage their grief.

The shoomakers most faithfully
Did come unto him in distress,
And while he did in Prison lye
Much kindness to him did profess;
Thus the shoomakers were true
And faithful ever to Sir Hugh.

Who their kindness to requite,
Gentlemen did name them all,
And their trade to do them right,
He the Gentle-Craft did call;
And in this song before his end,
The shoomakers he did commend.

THe shoomakers I needs must praise,
Who ready were at all assays,
To help me at my want and need,
Such friends are true friends indeed.

For when I was most cast down,
And Fortune seem'd on me to frown,
The Gentle-craft I took in hand,
And thereby I my living gain'd.

Our

Our shooes we sowed, and merry were,
Our Landlords Rent we did not fear;
And now to raise the shoomakers fame,
The Gentle-Craft I will it name.

And this same title they keep still,
Which unto them sir Hugh then gave,
And evermore continue will;
For in their minds they did engrave
The memory of good sir Hugh,
Who to the trade much love did shew.

But now the dismal day was come
That Winifred and sir Hugh must dye,
Who like two Lambs receiv'd their doom,
The Tyrants thirst to satisfie;
And so unto that spring they came,
Which retaineth still her name.

There a Scaffold raised was,
On which these Prisoners mounted were,
She in beauty did surpass,
He with a countenance most clear,
Nothing could their hearts dismay,
It seem'd to them a marriage day.

Kindly

Kindly then they did embrace,
Being full of chaste desires;
Fear could never them deface,
While their love to Heaven aspires,
And having so with Earth made even,
They kist in hope to meet in Heaven.

Then Winifred her love to shew,
Desired that she first might dye,
And did desire her friend sir Hugh
To learn of her true constancy,
And learn how to resign his breath,
Who like a lamb there bled to death.

Tyrant, saith she, I sacrifice
My blood to wash away my sins,
And I see even with these eyes
When life doth end then joy begins.
With that she did begin to faint,
And as she liv'd, dy'd like a Saint.

And all the while that she did bleed,
Her blood in basons they did keep,
And with it poylon with all speed
Was mixt to bring eternal sleep
Unto sir Hugh, who there did dye
Like to a Martyr constantly.

And

And greedily he drank a cup
Of Winifreds sweet crimson blood,
And then another he drank up,
Until he reel'd whereas he stood;
For now the poyson did inflame,
And cruelly burneth in each vein.

Thou cruel tyrant, then says he,
To Winifred I sacrifice
My life by thy fell cruelty:
And with those words he forthwith dyes,
And they are call'd being dead,
Saint Hugh and Saint Winifred.

But Saint Hugh's body did remain
Hanging up even in that place,
Which the shoomakers did claim,
And finding him in so bare a case,
The shoomakers without delay
Did steal Saint Hugh's bones away.

And all of them to shew their love,
They and Saint Hugh while he did live,
His bones from thence they did remove,
Which he to them before did give;
And their tooles they for his sake,
Of Saint Hugh's bones did make.

And

And now when they do go abroad,
Into the Country to and fro,
They travel with a little load,
For St. Hugh's bones must with them go
And if you would their number know,
Read these Verses here below.

A drawer, a dresser, two wedges, & an h(Blo
Squar'd like a Dye whereon we may kn
A hand-leather and thumb-leather to p
A(out shoo-thr
Of needle and thimble we must too be spe
The pincers, the pricking-aul, and rubbi
(ston
The Aul, steel, and tackets, and Sow-hai
(well grow
The whet-stone, stopping-stick, and parin
Do all belong to a Journeymans life, (Ch
And in our Apron made of Lambs leather
We shroud St. *Hugh*'s bones from all we
(ther

Now he a forfeiture doth pay
That cannot reckon his tooles in Rhime:
Sir Hugh's bones unto this day
The shoomakers do still enshrine
In their Aprons, thereby to shew
Their faithful love unto Sir Hugh.

Chap.

CHAP. 2.

How the Emperors daughter *Ursula*
with *Crispin* fell in love,
And were marryed by a Fryer;
And how the Emperor at last
Did of her choice approve,
and granted their desire.
And how the shoomakers with delight
do sing on *Crispianus* night.

When Maximinius ruled here,
then Crispin and his Brother
young Crispianus counselled were
By their most tender Mother,
To travel forth into the Land,
That they might 'scape the Tyrants hand.

So being from their Mother gone,
the two young Princes went together,
like two pretty lambs alone,
straying on they knew not whither,
Until at last by chance they came
Unto a Town call'd Feversham.

But as they travel'd on the way,
Being now come into the town,
Some shoomakers by peep of day
unto their work were now late down,
Who merrily did sit and sing
As their work then did begin.

Then

These Brothers knocked at the door,
and for a service they did ask,
Telling them they were true but poor,
for poverty is like a mask,
Which did their Princely beauty hide,
Or else they would have been descry'd.

The shoomaker and eke his wife,
did like the pretty boys right well,
And asked them of their former life,
while they a feigned tale did tell;
But at the last short work to make,
They for their servants did them take.

Thus they unto their work did frame,
And pleas'd their Master so,
That he these Brothers did maintain,
that they no want did know,
Who in a little time did learn
The trade, and did their living earn.

And now their Masters fame was spread,
his shooes were sent for far and near,
And 'twas reported that he bred
his Journey-men with love and fear,
So that he did often use
Unto the Court to send his shooes.

happned that young Crispin came
to bring some shooes unto the Court,
where the Emperors daughter soon became
in love with him in earnest sort;
for Cupid with a powerful shaft
did mean to grace the Gentle-Craft.

And having wounded thus her breast,
fair Ursula did now begin
to be with pangs of love oppress,
but yet she knew not how to win
Crispin to her hearts desire,
who durst not to her love aspire.

Yet love did make her now grow bold,
and when he came with shooes again,
her love to him she did unfold,
which quickly did his heart inflame,
yet at the first he was amaz'd,
whyle he on her beauty gaz'd.

But yet at last he thus reply'd,
madam, since you are inclin'd
to make your self poor Crispin's bride,
I shall be glad to please your mind;
and here's my faith to you I vow,
if my service you allow.

This

This being said they both agreed
That they should meet within the Park,
Where a blind Fryer with all speed
Should marry them in the dark;
The Fryer this knot had quickly ty'd,
Thus Ursula was Crispin's Bride.

And so the Fryer did them dismiss,
And royally they did him pay,
That the poor fryer he did wish
All joy unto their Wedding-day,
And that they might be a happy pair,
free from sad annoy and care.

But now the place did them invite,
Being in the Park thus met,
For to taste of loves delight;
And while they were together set,
Upon her virgin-wax he seal'd
The band of love, which time revealed.

But now these lovers parted were,
fair Ursula was pleased well,
But Crispin coming home, did hear
The Journey-men begin to tell
how *Crispianus* was lately preft
To be a Souldier with the rest.

For

For Maximinius hath sent to France
An Army of stout men and tall,
In War to try their doubtful chance
Against the Persian General,
Who meeting hastely in the Field,
Both sides scorned much to yield.

Now Crispianus got much fame,
And when the Prince of Gaules did fight
With brave Iphigrates by name,
Who rescued him there in their sight,
And by his Valour bore away
All the Glory of the day.

Thus nine monethes he abroad did spend,
But when once that time expir'd,
Fair Ursula did to Crispin send,
To have his counsel she requir'd,
For now young Ursula did feel
A Timpany with a double heel.

But Crispin with his Dame did plot,
Intreating her for secresie:
And so at last a place they got,
Where she might delivered be,
And here the Lady was brought to bed,
Who from her Fathers anger fled.

And just upon the Christening day
Came Crispianus back again,
Who long in France had been away,
And there had gotten endless fame:
Thus every thing did hit aright
To increase joy and delight.

After this same day was past,
Being spent in mirth and sport,
Crispianus did make haste
With his Letters to the Court,
Which when the Emperor did view,
With wonder he astonisht grew.

And Crispianus he did commend,
Taking a Jewel from his neck,
Which he only did intend
That he himself therewith might deck;
Thus it was Crispianus chance
That the wars should him advance.

But this being past and done,
News was to the Emperor brought,
That his Daughter was newly come,
For whom before they had so fought:
And gave the Emperor to understand,
That a Shoo-maker lead her by the hand.

The

The Emperor did them welcome make,
And welcomed Crispin too by name,
Bidding young Crispianus take
His daughter to advance his Fame;
But Ursula did the same deny,
And to her Father thus reply.

Crispin (says she) deserves my love,
Although a Shoo-maker he seem,
Of him I alwaies will approve,
And now to marry him I mean;
Dear Father look upon this boy,
Which I do hope will prove to be your joy.

And so Crispin's Dame did bring
Within her arms the pretty child,
And dandling it began to sing,
While that the Infant sweetly smil'd;
Yet though it look'd with cheerful eyes,
The Emperor did the babe despise.

But when that anon he knew
His Daughter was the Mother,
And that Crispin then in view
Was Crispianus Brother,
The Emperor greatly did rejoyce,
And confirm'd his daughters choice.

Then there was joy and triumph great,
And the Story here doth say,
The Shoomakers did leave their seat,
And did make it holiday.
And Poets did new masks invent
For the Emperors merriment.

And afterwards still every year
Upon that day at night
The Shoo-makers do make great cheer
With solace and delight:
This day doth light still in October,
The Shoo-makers are then seare sober.

The Shoo-makers song on *Crispians* night.

YOu that the Gentle-Craft profess,
unto my Song give ear,
You shall the story of *Crispin*
and *Crispianus* hear.

They were the Sons unto a King
of *Logria* by name,
Whom *Maximinus* put to death,
and cruelly had slain.

The Sons now fearing to partake
of this sad tyranny,
Were by their Mother most disguis'd,
who bid them for to fly.

Unto

Into a Shoomaker they came
and entertained were,
Whereby the Gentle-Craft
much graced doth appear.
These Princes were of this same trade
who both grew up in Fame,
For *Crispianus* went to Wars,
and *Crispin* to Court came.
And so it hapned *Ursula*
the Emperors daughter fair,
Did fall in love with *Crispin*,
which bred her grief and care.
For not long after *Ursula*
with child by him did prove,
Such are the fruits which always do
proceed from stolen love.
But he at length by help of friends,
the Emperors love did gain,
And *Crispianus* from the Wars
did back return with Fame.
Then let us all be merry here,
with solate and delight:
And drink an health unto them both,
on *Crispianus* night.

Chap

CHAP. 3.

How Sir *Simon Eyre*,
A Shoomaker by trade,
A Feast for all the Prentices,
Upon *Shrove-Tuesday* made.

OUr English Chronicles declare
a story worthy to be known,
Of one by name Sir Simon Eyre,
who in short time full rich was grown,
His parentage mean, yet his name
Liverh still in lasting fame.

This man came young out of the North,
and here was a Prentice bound
Unto a Shoomaker of good worth,
his Master no dislike yet found
With his Prentice, but all was well,
And afterwards it thus befel.

Simon with other Prentices more
upon a Sunday morning went,
As they had often done before,
to eat some pudding-pyes was their intent
But when the shot came once to pay,
Simon thus to them did say.

My Masters and my friends here all,
Of my empty Purse take pitty,
And I do vow if it so befall
That I'm Lord Mayor of this City,
You my word will now but take,
A breakfast for you I will make.

The other Prentices took his word,
And for that time they paid the shot,
But afterwards it was reserv'd,
For he such wealth and treasure got,
That in short time this Simon Eyre
Was made Sheriff, and after Mayor.

His promise then he kept in mind,
So that a Breakfast he did make
Of all the Prentices he could find,
Who kept it holiday for his sake,
And that his love might be express,
Upon Shrove-tuesday did them feast.

And afterwards Sir Simon Eyre
Did build up Leaden-Hall,
That Shoomakers might to repair
unto the Tanners stall.
Thus for Shoomakers he did provide,
And afterwards in honour dy'd.

FINIS.